Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Exit* Oth. *and* Def.
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to ſteale it, but ſhe ſo loues the token,
For he conior'd her, ſhe ſhould euer keepe it,
That ſhe reſerues it euer more about her,
To kiſſe, and talke to; Ile ha the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he'l doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſie.
Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—
Em. Ha?
Iag To haue a fooliſh wife.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that ſame handkerchiefe?
Iag. What handkerchiefe?
Em. What handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore firſt gaue to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iag. Ha'ſt ſtole it from her?
Em. No faith, ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, tooke it vp:
Looke, here it is.
Iag. A good wench giue it me.
Em. What will you doe with it,
That you haue bin ſo earneſt to haue me filch it?
Iag. Why, what's that to you?
Em. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, ſhee'll run mad
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.
Iag. Be not you acknowne on't, I haue vſe for it:—go leaue me;
I will in *Caſſio's* lodging loſe this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofes of holy Writ, this may doe ſomething:
The Moore already changes with my poiſon,
Dan-

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſt;
But with a little act vpon the blood, *Enter* Othello.
Burne like the mines of ſulphure: I did ſay ſo:
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drouſie ſiropps of the world,
Shall euer medecine thee to that ſweet ſleepe,
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to me, to me?
Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.
Ot. Auant, be gon, thou haſt ſet me on the racke,
I ſweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iag. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What ſence had I of her ſtolne houres of luſt:
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I ſlept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio's* kiſſes on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.
Iag. I am ſorry to heare this.
Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The ſpirit-ſtirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumſtance of glorious warre.
And, O ye mortall Engines, whoſe wide throates,
The immortal *Ioues* great clamors counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othelloe's* Occupation's gone.
Iag. Iſt poſsible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be ſure of it, giue me the ocular proofe,
Or by the worth of my eternall ſoule,